THE Secret HISTORY OF THE MOST RENOWNED Q. Elizabeth. AND THE E. of Essex.

By a Person of Quality.

COLOGNE,
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BRITISH MUS

THE EARL of *ESSEX*: OR, THE AMOURS OF Queen *ELIZABETH*.

The First Part.

THE People had seen *Essex* in extraordinary favour with the *Queen*; and were therefore the more surpriz'd at his Fall. She had rais'd him to the highest Dignities of her

Kingdom; and he continued then General of her Army in *Ireland*, againſt the Earl of *Tyrone*, who had rais'd a Rebellion there. His endeavours to divert his Misfortune were vain; and after an obſtinate Reſiſtance he was brought up to *London*, and confin'd to his Houſe.

The Services he had done the State by his Valour, were very conſiderable: but the Favours the *Queen*'s Goodneſs had heaped on him, proceeded from a more ſecret Cauſe, and more preſſing Motives. Had the *Earl of Eſſex* never ſignaliz'd himſelf by the Glory of his Actions, the Kindneſs She had for him would have made Her diſtinguiſh him from the reſt of Her Subjects: And 'tis certain, Her Affection had made him Her Favourite, before he could pretend to it in the leaſt by his Services. She was highly Renowned above the Women of her time, for Courage, and Strength of Mind; yet too Weak to be Proof

Proof against the Impressions of Love. She had a passionate Tenderness for the unfortunate Criminal, which was his Advocate, and defended him from the Severity of Justice; and was so far from taking pleasure in a publick Revenge of him, that she abhorred in Her Heart those cruel Maxims that crost her Inclinations.

She kept her Bed to prevent publick discovery of a Trouble it was not in her power to hide; and admitting of no Company but the Countess of *Nottingham*, (Her intimate Confident) She gave Vent to her Tears, and freely lamented the Misfortune that threatned the Repose of her Life.

The *Countess* had a little suspected the *Queen*'s Inclinations; and thought her self oblig'd by powerful Reasons to find out the Mystery: But this being a tender Point, and having to deal with a *Princess* naturally of a very high Spirit, the *Coun-*

teſs was ſilent. But the *Queen's* Grief was too violent, to continue long Mute: Her Sighs confirm'd the ſuſpicions of the *Counteſs*; and Her repeating in Her Trouble the *Earl of Eſſex's* Name, convinc'd the *Counteſs* of the Truth of what till then ſhe had but ſlightly fancy'd.

The *Counteſs* had that Command of her ſelf, ſhe eaſily Conceal'd her Concern in the Adventure; and appearing only ſenſible of the Trouble of the *Queen*, ſhe us'd all the Art ſhe had to comfort Her; and fail'd not to put Her in mind, how ſerviceable on that Occaſion Her Virtue might be to Her, which had already made Her the Wonder of the World.

Ah, Madam! (ſays the *Queen*, interrupting her) *You do not yet know Me. The Force I have long put upon My Self, hath made you think, with the reſt of the World, That the Heighth of my Spirit, hath raiſed*

Me above the Infirmities of Nature; and the Greatneſs of my Thoughts, ſecur'd Me from the troubles of Life. But, Alas! poor Elizabeth *is a Slave to Her Weakneſs; and hath all this while but ſacrificed to Reputation all the Quiet of Her Soul, and Happineſs of her Days. 'Tis high time, Madam, to reveal the Myſtery. My Heart, Madam, is ſenſible and ſuſceptible of the deepeſt Impreſſions: And what I have in appearance, Condemn'd moſt, is perhaps the only thing has moſt Power over Me.*

The Earl of Eſſex *is no leſs Famous for the Victory gain'd over My Heart, than for his Treaſons againſt Me: And I, who have maintain'd the Freedom of My Soul, and preſerv'd the Liberty of My Affection, from ſubmitting to the Efforts of all the Princes of* Europe, *and the Greateſt of My Subjects, have now the Misfortune to find my Inclinations violently ſway'd in Favour of a*

Perſon, as Ungrateful as Faithleſs. You know what I have done to raiſe him; nor can you be ignorant how ill he hath Requited Me by his Crimes. A Man, who being Governour of Ireland, *General of my Army, in quiet poſſeſſion of the beſt Offices of my Kingdom, and Maſter of my Affection; yet could not forbear Conſpiring againſt that Authority I was but too much inclin'd to give him a Share of; and perhaps, againſt a Life I took no other pleaſure in, but the Opportunities I had by it to make His happy*———

It was not in the *Queen*'s power to ſay a word more. And the *Counteſs* more than ordinarily concern'd at the Diſcourſe, grew ſo much the more Curious; and pretending to Comfort the *Queen*, Engaged her dexterouſly to a further Diſcovery.

No, Madam, (replyes the *Queen*) *There's no Hope of Comfort for Me, if the* Earl of Eſſex *Dye. By the Condition*

dition you see his Imprisonment hath put Me in, you may guess what I am like to be Reduc'd to by his Death. His Crimes I abhor, but am in Love with his Person; and find, that as I have been so weak to let him know it, I shall again be so weak to Pardon him all. You do not know his Carriage towards Me. And perhaps, My Affection will as easily find Excuses for his Ingratitude, as it did for my Kindness. I will give you the Relation of it; but conjure you to Reproach Me so plainly with the Shame I expose My Self to, that I may at last prevail with My Self, to abandon the Ingratefullest of Men, to the Rigour of his Fate.

I Shall not give you an Account of the Interests of *England*, other than what the *Earl of Essex* stands concern'd in. I will pass by the Obstacles rais'd against My Establishment; and tell you only, I quickly gain'd Possession of the Throne, was Ador'd of my People, and

and Happy beyond the Hopes of a Person of my Sex. But *Elevation* is not always attended with the Pleasure of Life; and that smooth Gale of Felicity and Repose in the beginning of my Reign, quickly blew over, at least, in my Opinion.

Being settled in my Government, I found My *Court* throng'd with Suitors of Soveraign Grandeur, striving to merit the Choice it was in My Power (at once) to make of a *Husband*, and a *King*: The Earls of *Somerset*, *Leicester*, *Arundel*, and *Hertford*, had most Right to pretend to it. But finding My Self disturbed by their Importunities in My most serious Affairs, and not at all inclin'd to entertain their Suits, I formally declar'd to them, I design'd to live single; and endeavoured to make them amends by considerable Imployments, and Allyances I bestow'd on them. Three of them openly quitted the Hopes they had conceived: Only

the Earl of *Leiceſter*, more Ambitious, or more conſtant than the reſt, kept afoot his Pretenſions, and publickly continued his Services: But it was not ordain'd his Perſeverance ſhould be Crown'd with the Reward of My Affection.

The *Earl of Eſſex* having ſignaliz'd himſelf againſt the Rebellious Earls of *Northumberland* and *Weſtmerland*, made, about this time, his firſt Appearance at *Court*; and found with more eaſe the Secret to pleaſe Me.

Thoſe who preſented him to Me, ſpoke much in Commendation of him. And I was too much an Eye-witneſs of the merit of his Perſon. I looked upon him as an extraordinary Man. Nor could I but think it equally extraordinary, to find My Self ſo ſtrangely affected with him at the firſt Sight. The Reception I gave him, was very Obliging; and the Acknowledgments he made Me, were full of Reſpect. So that for

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the time, I saw no Cause to check My Inclination.

I may Date from this first View, the loss of my Repose. I presently fell into a Disquiet I had till then been altogether a Stranger to: And in spight of My high Spirit, I could not but inwardly acknowledge the Cause. And all the Efforts of My haughty Humour against it, serv'd only to make the Triumph of the *Earl of Essex* more Glorious.

You would better comprehend the Condition I was in, did you know the Resentments of a Great Soul, jealous of its Reputation, in Extremities of this Nature; the Combats it undergoes, and the Confusion that attends the Defence.

I fear'd my Eyes would discover the Pleasure I took in Looking on the *Earl of Essex*, and my Weakness occasion Discourses in the World, to the Prejudice of my Glory. I shun'd the Sight of him; but to little purpose, when I carry'd

ry'd the *Idea* of him in my Heart. I was angry with my Self for it, and ſummon'd my Reaſon to my Aſſiſtance to deface it: But *Love* had ſo violently ſeiz'd my Heart, that I ſtruggled in vain to diſpoſſeſs him.

By little and little I yielded My Self Captive to that powerful Inclination which had at firſt ſight made Me ſo much in Love with the Perſon of the *Earl of Eſſex*: And pretending the Services he had done Me againſt the Earls of *Northumberland* and *Weſtmerland*, and the Memory I had of the Good Services of his Father, as the ground of my Favour, I made him *Knight of the Garter*, *Maſter of the Horſe*, and of the *Privy-Council*, though under Age.

Thus did I Cheriſh and Indulge the Weakneſs I had ſo long ſtruggled with, and Condemn'd My Self for. The higher he grew in Office, the nearer he was to my Perſon, His Complaiſance, his Reſpect,

Reſpect, his Looks, (which to Me appear'd all Kind and Languiſhing) and eſpecially My Affection, which had Tenderneſs enough to give a favourable Conſtruction to the leaſt of his Actions, conſpir'd to Betray Me

Envy rais'd him Enemies: The Earl of *Leiceſter* (concern'd to be Jealous of him) quickly ſuſpected the Truth. And looking on the *Earl of Eſſex*, as a Perſon of Merit, capable to croſs his Pretenſions, he made it his buſineſs to Supplant him; which I preſently obſerv'd. I eaſily foreſaw the Trouble My Favour might cauſe between Perſons ſo conſiderable: And the better to countenance the Kindneſs I had for *Eſſex*, I affected a little Complaiſance for *Leiceſter*, which ſomewhat abated the Edge of his Jealouſie.

About that time, the *King* of *Sweden*, the *Emperour*, for his Son, and the *Duke* of *Anjou*, made Me their

their several Proposals of Marriage, which I was forc'd to receive; but wanted not Pretences to send home their Ambassadours, without any Fruit of their Negotiation.

How contrary to the real Motive of my Actions, were the Interpretations Men made of My Refusal of Marriage with these *Princes!* It redounded much to My Honour; My Glory was increas'd by it, and the World admir'd My Contempt of *Love*, even then when My Soul was wholly possest by it.

The Aversion I expresst for Forreign Alliances, rais'd the Hopes of the Earl of *Leicester*; and *Essex* seem'd overjoyed at it: *Not* (said he, as I heard afterwards) *but that the* Queen *is discreet in all Her Actions; and her Choice, had she made One, had been Decent and Just: But that I think her fit to Reign alone, that I could not without extream Trouble, see Her share Her Authority with a Husband, who perhaps would in time be Her Master.* The

The Construction I made of the *Earl of Essex*'s Zeal, was suitable to My Affection, and the Desire I had of gaining his Heart; which I wish'd so passionately, that I fancy'd it done, and that the pretended Severity, that made Me slight *Kings*, was the only thing that frighted his Respect; and that he had declared his Love to Me, could he have thought he durst presume to do it.

The *Duke* of *Alanson* (not discourag'd by my Refusal of his Brother) began soon after to make Addresses for himself; and it was not in My Power to deny My Consent for his Voyage to *London*. But what Advantages soever he pleaded in his Favour, certain it is, the *Earl of Essex* lost not any he had gain'd over Me. The stay of that *Prince* in *England*, fortify'd the *Earl*'s Interest: He was constantly at my Elbow. When the *Duke* of *Alanson* spoke to Me, methought I read Reproaches against my Self,

n the *Earl of Eſſex*'s Eyes. The Earl of *Leiceſter* watched Me as carefully; though not with equal Regard from Me. I rais'd ſo many difficulties againſt the *Duke* of *Alanſon*'s Deſign, that he was forc'd to deſiſt: and I rid My Hands of his Perſon, and his Suit, without giving him Cauſe of Complaint.

You know that after the Death of the *Queen* of *Scots*, the *King* of *Spain* (who ſtill makes himſelf indiſpenſibly ſubject to a Neceſſity of Oppoſing Me) entred into a League with the Pope againſt Me. And having fill'd the World with Injurious Declarations againſt My Right to the Crown, they joyn'd all their Forces to pull it off My Head. The *Spaniards* made themſelves on the ſudden Maſters of *Daventer*: The *Duke* of *Parma* laid Siege to *Sluys*. It was high time to provide for Defence; and the *Earl* of *Leiceſter* was ſent away with all the Nobility of the Kingdom, in the Head of a

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numerous Army. The *Earl of Eſſex* was one of the firſt to follow him; and as ſtrongly inclin'd as I was to ſtay him, yet I thought the Man I lov'd ought not to be Idle when he had Opportunity by Glorious Actions to merit the Kindneſs I had for him.

I will not ſpend time in giving you a Relation of a War, which perhaps you are ſufficiently inform'd of, and concerns not the Secrets of My Life. It tended to our Advantage; all (to the very Winds) having favour'd Our Side. When the Generals of the Army arriv'd at *London*, I was carry'd in Triumph to St. *Pauls*: Yet the Joy I had to ſee the *Earl of Eſſex*, was greater than that for the ſignal Victory obtain'd. Amongſt an infinite number of Perſons of ſeveral Ranks, my Eyes were fix'd only on him: And much ado I had, ſometimes, out of Policy, to caſt a Look on the Earl of *Leiceſter*. Both of them had

had done very great Actions: I commended them publickly; and particularly joy'd the *Earl of Eſſex*, for the Succeſs of his Valour and Conduct; who ſpoke ſo much in Praiſe of the Valour and Conduct of the Earl of *Leiceſter*, that he was forc'd in requital, to do him Right, in giving him openly the Elogies he deſerv'd.

Not long after this Expedition, the *Earl of Eſſex* fell into a very deep Melancholy. I was the firſt that perceiv'd it; and took it for an Effect of ſome ſecret Paſſion. I wiſh'd now and then he would once take the boldneſs to declare himſelf, but preſently My Reaſon, upon *Second Thoughts*, ſet before My Eyes the Confuſion would certainly follow an Explication of that Nature, to the Ruine of My Reputation, and that high Eſteem the World had for Me: Yet (to ſpeak Truth) I could not reſolve what to do, or to wiſh. I am in Love, I deſir'd to be lov'd again;

again; and that was all I could make of it.

The *Earl of Essex*, in the mean time continu'd Sad. I was troubled to see him so; and fancying My self the Cause, I was desirous to know it; and resolv'd to fetch it out of him.

He had full Liberty of Access to Me, and I enlarg'd it daily: But not to expose My Reputation in forcing him to declare himself, I pretended an Inclination to favour the Earl of *Leicester*; who, since his late Victories, had entertain'd new Hopes.

One Day, as the *Earl of Essex* came to thank Me for the Government of *Ireland* I had bestow'd on him, I was loth to lose the Opportunity; and interrupting what he would have said in Acknowledgement: *You need not enlarge your self* (said I) *on a thing I am fully assur'd of. I take Pleasure in Raising your Fortune; and wish I could as easily*

easily remove your Melancholly, as I am pleas'd to give a New Proof of the Sense I have of your Service. You may, in your Turn, oblige Me (added I) *who am fallen into a Troublesome Conjuncture, and find it very difficult to reduce my Affections into a Compliance with the Necessity of the State. This presses me hard, to provide* England *a King: This Choice is difficult; and I have not a mind to make it among Forreigners. You are discreet, and* (I *have Reason to believe*) *not the least Loving of my Subjects. I will take your Advice; speak your mind freely, what Man in* England *you think best deserves this Fortune?*

I look'd on him with that Kindness, as would have inspir'd the most fearful with Boldness: I observ'd in his Eyes extraordinary Emotions, and all the Symptoms of a Secret ready to break out. The Point appear'd Tender, and My Imagination flatter'd Me, all would

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be as I wish'd. *Your Majesties Resolution* (answers he) *will render a Man more Glorious by the Quality of Your Husband, than of the Greatest Monarch on Earth. Remember* (said I) *I expect not a* Panegyrick, *but Advice from You: And that your Business, at present, is to Nominate the Man I am to make* King; *not to Commend his good Fortune in being so. The Business is so nice, Madam,* (replyes he) *I dare not speak my mind, though Your Majesty order it. Did you know* (said I) *what moves Me to this Confidence in you, you would perhaps express your self with a great deal more Freedom. But because, to bring you to it, I must proceed further; tell Me, whether you think the Earl of* Leicester *deserves to be your* Prince? *The Earl of* Leicester (answers he) *is Well-Born, and a Person of Great Merit, and will answer the Honour your Majesty intends him. Is that all you have to say to Me,* said I? *Ah, Madam,* (answers he

he, with a Sigh, which made me expect something more Pleasing) *I should have more to say to you for my self, than the Earl of* Leicester. *What hinders you?* said I. *The respect I have for your Majesty,* answered he. *I am in Love, Madam; but 'tis not a thing fitting to make my* Queen *my Confident.* I Blush'd at those Words, and was in a mind not to proceed further. But I look'd upon him, and there needed no more to declare my Weakness: *I have that esteem for you,* added I, *that I am not unwilling to be of your Council. Well, Madam, since you will have it so,* continues he, *I must acquaint You, I am desperately in Love with the Countess of* Rutland; *and that I cannot Live, if Your Majesty consent not that she shall make me happy.*

You may easily guess what an Astonishment I was in at this Explication; having upon so good Grounds expected to have heard My Self

named it was well for Me, I had not altogether loſt the Haughtineſs of My Nature: The poor Remains of it were My only Help to preſerve Me from diſcovering more Weakneſs to the *Earl*, than he had diſcover'd Love for his Miſtreſs. His Tranſports help'd me to cover mine. He perceiv'd not the blow he had given Me. And ſacrificing My Grief to My Glory, I affected to appear calm and unconcern'd, when My Soul was full of Trouble and Confuſion. *You have made a good Choice*, ſaid I, *and the Counteſs of* Rutland *will very well deſerve the Kindneſs you profeſs for her. Madam*, replies he, with Satisfaction in his Looks, which heightned my Grief, *You have done more for me, in approving the Paſſion I have for the Counteſs of* Rutland, *than You could have done had You procur'd me the Empire of the Univerſe. It is your Deſire then*, added I, with a Sigh My Deſpair forc'd from Me, *that I ſhould give her*

to you. I desire any thing, says he, *that may preserve me from dying for Love of her. Go your way then*, said I, to be rid of him, and ease My self of the intollerable Constraint I was under, *Be assur'd, I will concern my self in your Amour: You shall know it in time. But take heed you give not the Earl of* Leicester *the least intimation of the Secret I have imparted to you. Not before I have Order from your Majesty*, answer'd he, *to congratulate his Happiness, and pay him the Devoirs of an Affectionate Subject.*

Had you seen with what an Ayr he pronounced these words, you would have abhorr'd him for his Ingratitude. As for Me, I was left in so desperate a Condition, it was long e're I could recover My Reason out of the Entanglements of *Love*, *Anger*, and *Jealousie*.

I was partly the Author of My Misfortune, by calling to Court the Countess of *Rutland*, after her Hus-

band's Death, without conſidering ſhe was one of the handſomeſt Ladies on Earth; and but Sixteen Years old. I had not obſerved any particular Kindneſs the *Earl of Eſſex* had for her: He viſited her as other Ladies of the *Court*. But their Intreague was myſterious; and the more ſecretly it was carry'd, the Engagement was the ſtronger, and the Affection more tender.

It is impoſſible to expreſs the Trouble I was in, when *Anger* ſeiz'd the Place *Grief* had poſſeſt in my Heart. Though the *Earl of Eſſex* had been ignorant of his good Fortune, I could not forbear reproaching him for ſlighting it as he did; and forgot not to charge him with Treachery and Ingratitude. But when I conſider'd he was ſo far from apprehending my meaning, that he was gone directly to make a ſolemn Tender of his Love to another, and carry her the joyful News of his Succeſs with me; I reſolved,

ved, at leaſt to delay the Pleaſure of it for a time; and went out of my Cloſet into my Chamber, to call him back. I thought I heard the Earl of *Leiceſter*'s Voice and his in the *Anti-Chamber*; and going to the Door, found I was not miſtaken. *Leiceſter*'s Jealouſie, had, in all probability, made him watch *Eſſex* as he entred my Chamber; and when he ſaw him return with Satisfaction in his Looks; *You are happy*, ſayes he, *in a Priviledge, to entertain the* Queen *as long as you pleaſe; when others, who as paſſionately deſire it, cannot obtain that Happineſs for a moment. I am perſwaded*, replies *Eſſex, you better deſerve it; and make no doubt, but you will find more pleaſure in it. I will leave you at liberty to go in Search of it; and you may do me a Favour not to ſtay me, being call'd another way, on a very preſſing Occaſion.* He had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but he went his way; and

I was so confounded with this new Sight, I scarce knew where I stood.

Having at length recover'd My Reason, I had the Discretion to hide my Weakness. Presently my Anger would have vented it self on the Countess of *Rutland:* But I consider'd her only Crime was her Beauty; and that she knew not My Concern for her Servant.

The Earl of *Leicester* having at his Entrance perceiv'd Me in Disorder, durst not take notice of it; but after a short Visit, withdrew.

A little before, I had sent to Congratulate the King of *Navarre,* upon his coming to the Crown of *France*; and having Intelligence he wanted Aid to secure his Government, I resolv'd to send him some under the Conduct of the *Earl of Essex,* in hopes his Absence might Cure Me. I would have perswaded My self, the Cause of My removing him on that Occasion, was My Desire to forget him; but upon second

cond Thoughts, I must confess, it was rather the Desire of removing him out of the Sight of a beloved Rival.

Being resolved on the Point, I hastened the Execution; and having ordered the *Earl of Essex* to attend Me: *You love Honour*, said I to him, *and I cannot think you will prefer the Pleasure of Sighing before a Mistress, to the Opportunities of acquiring Glory: I have provided One for you; and am resolv'd you shall Command the Troops I am sending to the* French King. *And to fortifie your self against the Troubles of Absence, you need only think of the Pleasures of a Return.* His Answer was only in Sighs; and that passionate Language made Me hasten his Departure.

Soon after, the Countess of *Rutland* (whom I could not forbear using very coldly) desir'd leave to go into the Country, a considerable distance from *London*. I had

then ſo little Love for her, I did not deſire to have her near me; but readily conſented ſhe ſhould retire.

The Hopes ſhe had to ſee the *Earl of Eſſex* return, ſupported her ſo, that ſhe, with much moderation, ſaw him take his leave: But I am aſſur'd by Experience, the Grief for his Departure, equal'd (at leaſt) the Hopes for his Return.

When he was arriv'd in *France*, Fame ſpoke aloud in Commendation of him: His Abſence alter'd not my Affection; and in ſpite of all I could do to the contrary, I had a ſenſible Pleaſure to hear him Commended.

Had I been deſir'd, I ſhould have call'd him Home as ſoon as *France* was in Peace: But I ſent him new Orders to joyn Admiral *Howard*, who was going for *Spain*: and I gave him the like Commiſſion for this Expedition, as for that of *France*.

He did Wonders in *Spain*: His ſingle Valour frightned the Enemies.

And

And having taken *Cales*, and pillag'd the Coaſt of *Portugal*, he put again to *Sea* for *England*. The Fleet was ſcattered by a Storm, and We had News the *Earl of Eſſex* was loſt. Then it was I knew better than ever, the Kindneſs I had for him. I could no longer perſwade my ſelf that his indifference for me deſerv'd mine for him.

I accus'd the *Sea* a Thouſand times, for having taken too unreaſonable a Revenge for me; and was under Sufferings more cruel than Death, when News was brought me, that by the Aſſiſtance of the Admiral of *Holland*, he was arriv'd at *Plymouth*; from whence, in few days, he came to *Court*.

To ſhew you how little Reaſon we have, when we are in Love, and how fickle are the Reſolutions of a tender Heart, though provoked by Slights and Contempts: I had lamented the Death of the *Earl of Eſſex*, and receiv'd the News

of his being Alive with a thouſand Tranſports of Joy. I was extreamly pleas'd with the Report of his Arrival at *London*. But when I conſider'd I ſhould ſee him full of Love for another, and that perhaps I ſhould not be able to conceal My Jealouſie, I was tempted to order him to give the *Council* an Account of his Conduct, and not admit him into My preſence. I was ſometimes of the Opinion, I ſhould be able to do ſo: But this weak Heart of Mine, ſo prepoſſeſt in favour of him, revolted againſt all My Reſolutions. I muſt follow My Inclinations, and ſee the moſt dangerous Enemy of My Repoſe, the Troubler of My Reſt. He came to *White-Hall*: I admitted him to My Preſence, I look'd upon him; and ſpight of all My high Spirit, he ſaw nothing but Kindneſs in all My Actions.

You may imagine, what an agreeable Surprize it was to Me, to find at our firſt Conference, that

that Abſence had wean'd his Affections from the Counteſs of *Rutland*. He appear'd no longer in that Languiſhing Melancholly I obſerv'd him in before his Departure: He had Satisfaction in his Looks: The Air of his Actions were Smooth and Calm. And I fancy'd as much Joy in his Face, though the Counteſs of *Rutland* was abſent, as I felt in My ſelf, at the Explication he made. *I ſee you again return'd with Victory*, ſaid I: *But am ſorry it is not in My Power to reward your Toil with a Sight of the Counteſs of* Rutland. *But if any thing I can do, can comfort you——I am eaſily comforted for her Abſence, when I am permitted to ſee your Majeſty*, anſwer'd he. *I have no Paſſion now, but for the Glory of Serving Your Majeſty; and the Counteſs of* Rutland *is now to me no more than other Ladies of the Court. Are you no longer in Love with the Counteſs of* Rutland? replyed I, between

tween Joy and Diſtruſt. *You have ſpoken too faſt. When you ſee her again*———*When I ſee her again*, ſays he, interrupting me, *it ſhall be without thoſe Tranſports I expreſt for her, not forgetting the Reſpects due to Your Majeſty. What*, anſwered I, *are you not afraid of the Reproaches of a provoked Miſtreſs? No Madam*, ſaid he, in a free and unconcern'd manner: *All I am concern'd for, is to do my Duty, and approve my ſelf worthy Your Majeſties Favour. This*, anſwer'd I, *deſerves my Acknowledgment; and time ſhall let you ſee I am not ungrateful.*

Thus did the *Earl of Eſſex* aſſure me he was Cur'd of his firſt Paſſion: and I was in Hopes, it might be in my Power to ſee him one Day entertain another. A Week after, he deſir'd leave to go into the Country, about his private Affairs: He was abſent a Fortnight; and return'd more

more calm and unconcern'd than ever.

The Earl of *Leiceſter* had doubled his importunities in the Abſence of the *Earl of Eſſex* in *France* and *Spain*; and obliged me, at laſt, to put him out of Hopes. He is naturally Bold; and was ſo blown up with the Opinion of the Glory he had gain'd by ſome late Atchievments, that he proceeded to telling me plainly, *He was jealous of the* Earl of *Eſſex*: and would have made a Crime of the Diſcourſe I told you of, paſt between them, as *Eſſex* left my Chamber. The Anſwer I made him, was an Abſolute Command, *He ſhould be ſilent*: Which was ſo far obey'd, that after ſome days Murmuring, he held his Peace. Yet this put me in mind to obſerve ſome meaſures, and not to follow openly My Inclinations.

Things continu'd in this State, till the Troubles of *Ireland*. I have often open'd my Mouth, to let

let the *Earl of Eſſex* know the Advantages he had over Me; but Modeſty ſhut it again: Yet ſeeing him under a Neceſſity of going for *Ireland*, when the Earl of *Tyrone* had rais'd a General Rebellion, I had not the power to let him take leave without acquainting him, *The Kingdom was at his Command.* Upon the firſt News of the Troubles, he threw himſelf at my Feet, begging the Honour of my Command, to go Quiet thoſe Diſorders. *You have done enough*, ſaid I, *and there's no need you ſhould (by expoſing your ſelf to New Dangers) oblige me to New Acknowledgments. I doubt not, Madam*, (anſwer'd he) *but the Favour I beg of your Majeſty, will be envy'd me: But I take the Boldneſs to ſay, Your Majeſty cannot refuſe it me, without doing your ſelf Injury: It being an occaſion may contribute to my meriting the Favour you have already honour'd me with. The Ardour you expreſs for undertaking*

Great

Great Actions, replyed I, *is not perhaps so Pleasing as you imagine: And all the Good that may Redound to* England *through your Valour, is less considerable than the Trouble is given Me, who take less Care of My Crown, than your Life. I am Ambitious: Yet*——— *Ah! my Lord, save Me the Confusion of a more particular Explication of what you ought and might easily have long since understood. I might perhaps presume too far in my Wishes*, says the Earl, in some Disorder. *Wish boldly*, answered I, *I Love you; and if I Blush to tell you so, 'tis not that I am either Asham'd, or Repent of it. You may believe this Acknowledgement a very hard Task for a Person of My Humour, who have seen you sigh for another, when I slighted Kings for your Sake, and would have Sacrificed more to your Satisfaction. What, Madam!* cryes he, like a Man astonisht, *Have You lov'd me, and I*

been

been so unfortunate, to make my self unworthy Your Kindness by those Sighs I now disavow? Did my Eyes never tell you what I look'd for in Yours? said I. *I never had the Boldness,* answered he, *to make any such Construction of Your Looks. Your Fear was the effect of Indifference,* said I, *but no more of what is past. Tell me now, can ye love me? Rather ask me, Madam,* answers he, *if all the Affection of my Soul can merit Your Love? And whether the Earl of* Leicester, *whom You design to make the Happiest Man on Earth, shall not carry the Day from me? The Earl of* Leicester, said I, *was but a Pretence to make you speak. I told you then truly the Thoughts I had of you. My Trouble for you was not small, both in your Absence, and since your Return: But all is forgotten. Be henceforth as I wish, and doubt not of being Happy.*

He answer'd me with some Disorder, which I fancy'd the Effect of unexpected

unexpected Joy. I thought it time to be no longer Scrupulous; and that it was in vain to have any Reserves, when I had said so much. *I will not let you go under any Uncertainty*, proceeded I, *but to convince you clearly of the Truth of what I've said, take This*, said I, delivering him a **Ring**, as the highest Mark of my Favour, *keep it as a Pledge of my kindness; which I conjure you to preserve in the State it is in: and on that condition, I promise you, never to deny you any thing you shall desire of me, when you shew me this* **Ring**, *though it cost me my Life and my Fortune.*

His Joy and Acknowledgments at receiving the **Ring**, were in appearance, extraordinary and unparallel'd; and attended with Promises of as high a nature.

He went for *Ireland* in few days, leaving me fully perswaded his Thoughts were wholly taken up with me. But he had scarce advanc'd

vanc'd up to the *Rebels*, but he was Charg'd with all the Crimes which occasion'd his Imprisonment, and that of the Earl of *Southampton*. Then it was, I began to repent I had not given Ear to the wholesome Advice *Cecil* would have given Me, concerning the secret Conduct of the *Earl of Essex*.

In a word, while My Thoughts were wholly imploy'd to make his Fortune Glorious, he was plotting with the Earl of *Tyrone*, to surprize and make Me Prisoner in this Palace.

You know the rest, Madam; his obstinate Resistance, his want of Respect for My Orders, his Imprisoning My Ministers, his Murthering My Souldiers, and his intolerable pride in all his Misfortunes.

Thus ended the *Queen's* Discourse; which having call'd fresh to Her mind all that had pass'd between Her and *Essex*, She was more troubled than ever. The

The Countess of *Nottingham* hath heard Her with Attention suitable to her great Concern in the Discourse. She, as well as the *Queen*, had been in Love with the *Earl*; and advanc'd many steps, but in vain, to raise a Passion in him: And having newly understood the cause of his slighting her, it added infinitely to her former Resentment.

She had no mind to condemn the *Queen*'s Weakness, knowing her self guilty of the like; nor was she inclin'd to speak in favour of a Man, who was grown so much the more odious to her, as she had formerly passionately lov'd him. She thought it sufficient to comfort the *Queen* with Discourses that seem'd to proceed only from Zeal for her Service; when, in truth, her Thoughts were wholly bent for the Ruine of an ingrateful Lover; who in her Judgment, deserv'd nothing but Hatred at her Hands.

Though *Love* thought not fit the *Earl*

Earl of Eſſex ſhould admire the Counteſs of *Nottingham*; yet another was her Captive, whoſe Character did (in a manner) make her amends: It was Secretary *Cecil*; who amidſt his great Offices, and the Gravity that became them, diſcover'd in the Beauty, Ingenuity, and high Spirit of the Counteſs of *Nottingham*, ſome Charms, that made him capable of a ſtrong Paſſion for her; which was heightned by the Hatred both of them had profeſs'd againſt the *Earl of Eſſex*; *Cecil* having always look'd on him as the invincible Obſtacle of his Ambitious Pretenſions: and the Counteſs had againſt him all the Rage and Averſion that uſually ſucceed Kindneſs abus'd.

They were glad of the Impriſonment of the *Earl of Eſſex*; but the favourable Inclinations the *Queen* expreſt for him, alarm'd them.

The

The *Counteſs* had no ſooner taken leave of the *Queen*, but ſhe gave *Cecil* an account of all ſhe had learnt. Having conſider'd the Conſequences, they concluded it neceſſary, while their *Princeſs* ſigh'd ſecretly for the Priſoner, means ſhould be found by private ways, and an artful Conduct, without their appearing to have any ſuch Deſign, to take away the Mercy which *Love* might inſpire into her.

Cecil, for the firſt ſtep, preſs'd the *Queen* to bring *Eſſex* to his Tryal; and caus'd certain News of his Death to be ſpread throughout *England*.

Eſſex, in the mean time, was buſied with Thoughts of more weight than thoſe of his Life. He knew well enough, his *Queen* lov'd him, and knew as well, he had deceiv'd her; and that ſhe might with a great deal of Juſtice not only *Reproach*, but *Condemn* him.

The

The *Queen* had not ſeen him ſince his going into *Ireland:* But having not the Power to give him up to his ill Fortune, without having heard him, She reſolv'd to go to his Houſe, where he was Priſoner, to Reproach him as he deſerv'd; and endeavour, if poſſible, to find him Innocent.

It is not far from *Whitehal* to *Eſſex-Houſe*: and the *Queen* took ſo good order in the matter, that no notice was taken of the Undecency of the Viſit; having been introduced by Her Confidents alone into the Chamber of the Criminal.

He was ſurpriz'd at the preſence of the *Queen:* The languiſhing Condition ſhe was in, made her ſigh. All went for him, and the Victory ſeem'd eaſie. He ſaluted Her with a profound Reſpect; and then fixing on Her Face thoſe Eyes of his, which had ſo often Charm'd Her, he fetcht ſome Tears from Hers. *Well, My Lord,* (ſays ſhe, drying them)

ou see what I do for you, notwith-standing all the Crimes I can reproach ou with. I am come to you, and with design to hear you, if you have any hing to say to justifie your self. I ave lov'd you too well, not to wish it above all things: And, would Hea-ven were pleas'd, your Justification might be purchas'd with any (the most precious) Thing in my Power. My greatest Crime is, that I thought my self too happy, Madam, replyes the *Earl,* sighing. *Had you rested there,* said the *Queen, I should have been too well satisfy'd to have complain'd of you. But to believe your self happy, was it necessary you should betray Me? And, must you needs have made use of violent means, to make your self Master of a Fortune I was willing to share with you? What Reason could you have to seek the Protection of the Kings of* Scotland *and* Spain? *Did any Interests oblige you to secret Cor-respondencies with* Tyrone? *And, was it for the Safety of My Person,*

you

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you design'd to make me your Slave and his? All you have done since to my Subjects, against my Orders? Are those the Expressions of your Respect? Is it by Fury and Treason you shew your Zeal for me and the Publick? Or, is all we have seen and heard of you, but Illusion and Fancy? Yes, Madam, replies the *Earl, those Accusations of Treason and ill Designs, have run me upon the desperate Resistance I made. You have been pleased to heap Favours upon me; and I (too proud of what I so little deserv'd) flatter'd my self with expectation of a thousand Pleasures which you had not absolutely forbid me to hope for. This let loose the Envy and Jealousie of others against my good Fortune: They abus'd Your* Majesty *with mis-informations; and I had the misfortune to be assur'd, Your* Majesty *had order'd I should be Arrested; though my Innocence would have perswaded me the Contrary. I confess, Madam, I was in a*

Rage

Rage, to see my Enemies insult over me; being abandoned by Your Majesty, *and on the point of suffering (perhaps) a shameful Death. I thought it neither for my Reputation, nor Your* Majesties *Honour, I should die as a Criminal. This put me upon having Recourse to those Succours and Assistances they reproach me with; and the Resolution I took to go out of* England, *in hope to confound my Accusers. But I found all the Passages stopt: and I must acknowledge, in that desperate condition, I vented my Fury, by taking Revenge on Your Ministers. They,* Madam, *and only They, were the Objects of the Rebellion I am charg'd with. My Design was, only they, who had so industriously labour'd to make me appear guilty, should do me Right, in declaring my Innocence; and permit me to lay it, and my Life at Your* Majesties *Feet. I never doubted, but Your* Majesty *would have done me the Honour to hear me: And that by a clear discovery of the Truth,*

I ſhould have certainly confounded the envy of my Enemies. But their Malice hath had the Succeſs to ſee me a Priſoner, hated by my Soveraign, deſpis'd by the World, and made a Sacrifice to their Rage: And now, what remains, but that I receive the Sentence of my Death pronounc'd by them; and ſee Cobham, Cecil, Rawleigh, *and their Fellows, ſhare the Favours You honoured me with. You are well aſſur'd, I hate you not,* ſays the *Queen,* interrupting him: *But, ſhould I believe you? Yet ſhould I not believe you? Can I give you up to the ill Fate that threatens you? I ſhall never murmur againſt Your* Majeſties *Orders,* replies the *Earl, but ſubmit to them readily, whatever they be. But I confeſs, it would make me mad, ſhould my Enemies have the advantage to Condemn me.*

The *Earl of Eſſex* knew the weak Side of the *Queen*; and eaſily reviv'd in Her that Tenderneſs he had formerly inſpir'd her with.

No,

No, says She, having paus'd a while, *you shall not die. Make use of your Advantages; triumph over a Heart, whose Inclinations you very well know. I will believe your Intentions less Criminal than they appear. But, my Lord, I conjure you by that Kindness of which you have such particular experience, that you give me no cause to repent of it. Trouble not your self for your Reputation and Honour, I will take care to repair it. And before two days be over, I will restore you to the highest Place you ever had under me.*

Essex Transported with Joy for the happy Success of this Conference, affected the *Queen* so much with Submissive Acknowledgments, that he restor'd her Spirits to perfect Tranquility. At parting, She promis'd to call a *Council* on the Morrow, and in a Glorious manner to Declare him Innocent.

As ſoon as it was Day, ſhe ſent for *Cecil*: and the Counteſs of *Nottingham* waited on her. Having told them in few words of a great Conflict paſt between her *Juſtice* and her *Mercy*, ſhe concluded for the latter, and ordered *Cecil* to Summon the *Council*, that ſhe might Declare to them the Deſign ſhe had to ſet *Eſſex* at Liberty; aſſuring him ſhe had invincible Reaſons for doing ſo. This was a Mortal Blow to the Ambitious *Cecil*, and the Counteſs of *Nottingham*. They preſently look'd on one another, as if they would have ask'd each others Advice, what Courſe to be taken: Afterwards they ſpoke to the *Queen*, in hopes to divert her; but ſhe was Inflexible: and *Cecil* was forc'd to order an Extraordinary Call of the *Council*.

But while the *Earl of Eſſex*'s Enemies thought his good Fortune on the Point of being Reconcil'd to him, Chance labour'd for them with unexpected Succeſs. As

As the *Queen* was going to *Council*, word was brought her, the Counteſs of *Rutland* deſir'd to wait on her. The *Queen* bluſh'd, remembring what was paſs'd: and looking on the Requeſt as Unſeaſonable and Unlucky, ſhe was minded to have put off the *Counteſs* to another time: But conſidering, ſhe us'd not to deny any Perſon Acceſs, and that the Counteſs of *Rutland* was a Lady of the beſt Quality; ſhe Commanded ſhe ſhould be admitted; and the *Counteſs* immediately came in.

Though her Eyes languiſhed, her Looks were Sad, her Dreſs and her Gate very Careleſs; yet her Beauty was Conſpicuous and Moving; ſhe threw her ſelf at the *Queen*'s Feet; and with Extremity of Grief in her Looks, *Madam*, ſays ſhe, with a great deal of Pain, *I come to implore Your* Majeſties *Goodneſs for the Unfortunate* Earl of Eſſex. *For the* Earl of Eſſex, *Ma-*

dam? answers the *Queen. How come you Concern'd for him, who hath quitted you with so much Indifference, after so many Promises of extraordinary Kindness? I expected you were rather come to join your Resentment with mine; and desire me to take a full Revenge, for the Injury done to your Beauty. No, Madam,* replyed the *Countess, not the Transports of a Forsaken Mistress, have brought me now into Your Majesties Presence, but the Tender Affection due from a Vertuous Wife, to a Husband she loves; in begging for the* Earl of Essex, *I beg for mine. This Confession may perhaps add to our Guilt; but 'tis no Dallying for those who are on the Brink of Destruction. I acknowledge, Madam, that after a thousand Crosses, we had that Tender Kindness one for the other, we Marryed privately, contrary to the Respect due to Your Majesty. This, Madam, this only, and his Fear of Your* Majesties *just Indignation, put the* Earl of Essex

Eſſex *upon ſeeking Refuge out of Your Dominions: He thought it fit, I ſhould go out of them; but never harbour'd a Thought of Conſpiring againſt Your* Majeſty. *However, this hath Ruin'd us; and if You Protect not an Unfortunate Perſon, whom You have ſo much Honour'd, he is Irrecoverably loſt. Conſider, I beſeech You, Madam, that a few Drops of Blood at Your diſpoſe, and a poor Life You are Miſtreſs of, are not a Revenge ſuitable to the Grandeur of a* Queen, *Ador'd for many Virtues; yet chiefly, for your Clemency.*

The *Queen* was ſo aſtoniſht at the Diſcourſe, that the *Counteſs* had full Liberty to end without Interruption. But this was ſad News to a Heart lately full of the Delights of a pleaſing *Reconciliation.* What a Torrent of Anger overflowed Her Conſtancy? A *Queen* as She was, High Spirited, Haughty, and paſſionately in Love; to ſee her ſelf thus cruelly Betray'd, and

find it out at a time, when a blind Credulity had ſtifled all former Reſentments! Yet ſhe forced her ſelf to diſſemble her Grief; and fixing a ſevere Look on the Counteſs of *Eſſex*: *The Life you beg of me,* ſays ſhe, *is not in my Power: The* Peers *are his Judges. Ah, Madam!* cryes the *Counteſs, my Husband is loſt, if You give him up to their Fury: Their* Jealouſie *will do that which* Juſtice *cannot. Why ſhould you trouble your ſelf, if he be not Guilty,* ſays the *Queen*? *Though I am ſatisfy'd of his Innocence, Madam,* anſwers the *Counteſs, yet Your Cruel Miniſters are not diſpos'd to believe it. Let me intreat you, Madam, if Your Majeſty will grant me no more, You will be pleas'd to allow me the Priviledge of being put into the ſame Priſon with him: I am as Criminal as he, and perhaps more. I wiſh it in my Power, to Grant your Deſires,* ſays the *Queen, but common Policy forbids any Correſpondence to be*

allow'd

allow'd between ſo conſiderable Perſons, in your Circumſtances. You may, if you pleaſe, wait his Fate, and your own, in a Chamber in this Palace. Ah, Madam, replies the Beautiful Counteſs, *conſider the laſt Favour I beg of You, is, that I may be put into Irons. Can You apprehend we ſhall attempt any thing againſt You in ſo deplorable an Eſtate? This is the Eve of our greateſt Diſaſter: That Barbarous Juſtice, to which You abſolutely commit the care of Your Vengeance, will to morrow, perhaps, Part us for ever. Deny us not, at leaſt, the Comfort of mixing our laſt Tears. What can you fear from a Grief without Power——I fear being troubled with it, and I will be Obey'd,* anſwers the Angry *Queen*, and goes away into her Cloſet, while the Counteſs of *Eſſex* was carry'd to a Chamber, where ſhe was left under Guard.

Never was Fury equal to the *Queen*'s: The Madneſs ſhe was in

to ſee Her Self deceiv'd, made Her for ſome time forget all her Tenderneſs. Her Thoughts were wholly bent on Revenge, and giving up to the Severity of Juſtice, a Guilty Perſon She had too paſſionately Lov'd. *Death*, ſays ſhe, *ſhall be the Reward of his Ingratitude, and I will make his Puniſhment an Example to the Univerſe.*

With theſe Thoughts ſhe came to the *Council:* When ſhe had declar'd her ſelf, the *Peers* were nam'd for Trying the *Earls of Eſſex* and *Southampton.* Arm'd as ſhe was with Reſolution to do it, ſhe trembled at the doing; and could not forbear mixing ſome amorous Sighs with the violent Expreſſions her Anger forc'd from her. She withdrew under very great Trouble, and admitted no Viſit for ſeveral days.

'Tis hard to expreſs what a pleaſing Surprize it was to *Cecil*, to ſee the *Queen* angry, and declare her ſelf againſt *Eſſex*, whom he thought

thought her resolv'd to pardon. He carry'd the News to the Countess of *Nottingham*; who was as joyful at it, as a cruel Person could be on such an occasion. Yet they could not think all sure, while the *Earl of Essex* was only Prisoner in his House, from whence his Friends (if minded to do it) might get him out. They concluded to take the Opportunity of the *Queen*'s Anger, to obtain her Order for putting him into the *Tower of London*; which *Cecil* under a Cloak of Zeal for her *Majesties* Service, easily gain'd, and readily executed. The *Earl of Essex* was generally belov'd; and *Cecil*, fearing Commotions and Tumults if he should be carry'd through the City, order'd him to be sent to the *Tower* by *Water*: Which was accordingly done.

The *Earl of Essex* not able to guess at the Cause of a Success so unsuitable to the Promises of the *Queen*, prepar'd himself for the worst

worſt that might happen; and in few days, had Reſolution enough to bear his Misfortunes. The *Queen* was as full of Trouble, as *Cecil* and the Counteſs of *Nottingham* were of Hopes, to ſee their common Enemy condemn'd in few days.

The Counteſs of *Eſſex* having no comfort but her Tears, nor Company but her Fears, endeavour'd from the pity of her Guards, to have ſome Intelligence of her Husband's Condition. She was told, *His Judges were appointed, and that he was in the Tower:* Worſe News ſhe could not have. The *Queen* was irreconcilably angry: nor could ſhe by Letter, convey with ſafety to her Husband, the Advice ſhe thought good for him. A Conference ſhe thought better: and Money being a Charm ſeldom reſiſted, ſhe did by ſome Preſents of Value prevail with her Guards to ſerve her to her Mind. Having fully poſſeſt them, ſhe neither deſign'd her own Liber-

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ty nor her Husband's: all she desir'd was a minute of Private Discourse with him; which her Guards undertook, and brought happily about. The Guards at the *Tower*, gain'd by their Companions, easily introduced the *Countess* into her Husband's Chamber.

He knew nothing of the Passages at *Whitehall*. But when he was told, *he was in few days to appear before his Judges*, he expected with a great deal of Resolution and Constancy, the end of his Misfortunes; comforting himself with the Thoughts of the *Countess* being retir'd into *Scotland*. But seeing her so near a Danger he thought her so remote from: *Ah Madam*! says he, with his Eyes full of Tenderness, *What came you to look for in these fatal Places? And in whose power was it to bring you hither? My Grief, and my Guards have brought me hither*: answers the Countess. *What, Madam!* cryes the

the Earl, are you the Queen's *Prisoner? And does she know we are Married? Yes,* reply'd the *Countess,* mournfully, *and is so angry, we are past Hope. I was absenting my self from you, as you had desir'd me, but the News of your Death stopt my Retreat. And it was not in my power to betake my self into a Place of Safety; there to attend the issue of your Troubles: If it were not in my power to ease you of them, I thought it my duty, at least, to share with you in them. This made me present my self to the* Queen, *and omit nothing that might move her Compassion: but she prov'd altogether inflexible. Ah, Madam,* says the Earl, interrupting her, *Your Impatience hath ruin'd us: Had you not appear'd, I had been at Liberty. By a dextrous Justification, I had regain'd her Confidence, and you should have in few days seen me come in search of you in* Scotland. *But now, there's no Hopes;*

Hopes; the Queen *will be reveng'd. What?* ſaith the *Counteſs, hath all I have done, tended to your Ruine? make uſe of your Advantages, I conjure you: The* Queen *retains ſome tenderneſs for you: You may eaſily revive it. Oh! be not a Sacrifice to her Anger. Invent any thing in excuſe of our Marriage. Diſown it, if you pleaſe; I will conſent to any thing, rather than ſee you condemn'd to Death. Let her baniſh me into any part of the World; I will go moſt willingly. And, if it may conduce to your Safety, make uſe of the* Pledge *She gave you*———

Ah, Madam, replyes the *Earl, can you give ſuch Advice to a Man, who, you know, adores you? Have you found by any of my Actions, that I love my Life more than I love you? No, I love it for nothing elſe, but to ſpend it with you: and I will part with it, with all my Heart, when I muſt be depriv'd of that Plea-*

ſure.

ſure. My fears were only for you; and can you believe, I could have the leaſt Satisfaction in the Queen's *Favour, when her Jealouſie ſhould make her baniſh you? Let it break out, let her ruine me; I will Glory in my Loving you, and telling it to her Face. I know, the precious Gift ſhe beſtow'd on me, leaves me ſome hopes; and I may make uſe of it; But I would do it with ſafety, and it may prevail for more than my Life. I apprehend you,* ſays the Counteſs, *you would reſerve all for me, and neglect your own Safety: But you cannot incur a Danger, wherein I have not a ſhare; and the way to preſerve my Life, is to ſecure yours.*

This Diſpute had laſted ſomewhat longer, but the Counteſſes Guards minding her it was time to withdraw, She diſpos'd her ſelf to bid her Husband Adieu. Their Separation was moving, accompanied with abundance of Tears; to which a multitude of tormenting Inquietudes

tudes ſucceeded, and uſhered in a Day, that inſtead of diminiſhing, heightned their Sorrows.

The end of the
FIRST PART.

THE Secret HISTORY OF THE MOST RENOWNED Q. Elizabeth, AND THE E. of Essex.

The Second Part.

By a Person of Quality.

COLOGNE,
Printed for *Will with the Wisp*,
at the Sign of the *Moon*
in the Ecliptick, 1681.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE EARL of *ESSEX*: OR, THE AMOURS OF Queen *ELIZABETH*.

The Second Part.

THE *Queen*, though angry, gave no Order for Comprehending the Countess of *Essex* in her Husband's Impeachment. The morrow after their Conference, the *Peers* met in

in *Westminster-Hall*, and the Earls of *Essex* and *Southampton* were brought before them by the *Constable* of the *Tower*. The Particulars of the Trial are set forth at large in the Histories of the Time: It shall suffice to insert here, That the Prisoners being Charg'd to have held Criminal Correspondences with the *Kings* of *Scotland* and *Spain*, and entred into secret Alliances with *Tyrone*, and Traiterously laid and carry'd on a *Plot* against the *Queen's* Authority, made a very stout and resolute Defence.

As politick as *Cecil* was, he could not hide the Malignity of his intentions; but it was observ'd, he was not only a severe Judge, but a dangerous Enemy: The Heat and Animosity he discover'd against the *Earl of Essex*, were answer'd by him with a slighty Resolution, and undaunted Constancy. Yet, for all he could say in justification of himself, he was Condemn'd with the Formalities

ities usual on such Occasions. Sentence was pronounc'd by the *Lord High Steward*, That the *Earls of Essex* and *Southampton* were guilty of *High-Treason*, and should be Beheaded. The *Earl of Essex* was not mov'd in the least, to hear himself nam'd, but appear'd heartily sorry to find the Earl of *Southampton* under like Condemnation; and conjur'd the Judges to examine with less Severity, the Conduct of a Person whose only Crime was, the Love he had for him. But not able to prevail, he melted into Expressions of the greatest Tenderness in the World, for his Friend.

The *Queen* being inform'd of the Condition of things, gave secret Orders to delay Execution. She was of a High Spirit, and highly provok'd: yet found it very difficult to raise her Anger to a pitch equal to her Tenderness.

Cecil trembled to find the Execution of a Sentence deferr'd, which he

he had with so much pleasure heard pronounc'd. The Countess of *Nottingham* was equally alarm'd.

The Proofs were but slight against the Earl of *Southampton*; and the *Queen*, sensible his long Friendship with the *Earl of Essex*, had chiefly engag'd him in the Matters in Charge, pardon'd his Life at the Request of his Friends.

News was brought of it to the *Earl of Essex*, whose truly brave and generous Soul immediately broke forth into sincere Protestations, *He should die now with Satisfaction and Content, since the* Queen *had own'd by her Pardon, the Innocence of* Southampton.

While the *Earl of Essex* expected with a Resolute Constancy, the Catastrophe of his Tragedy, the *Countess*, his Wife, was inform'd at *Whitehall, he was executed.* Till then, she believ'd it uncertain; but this News surpriz'd her so terribly, she fill'd the whole *Court* with her Lamen-

Lamentations. The *Queen* heard them, but was not concern'd, as the reſt were for them. *Let her cry*, ſays ſhe to the Counteſs of *Nottingham*, *ſhe muſt ſhed many more, to wipe out the Score of thoſe Tears ſhe hath coſt me.*

The Counteſs of *Nottingham* was ſo far from endeavouring to pacifie the *Queen*, that all her Care was to keep up her Anger. And becauſe ſhe was ignorant of many things ſhe thought her ſelf concern'd to know, ſhe took advantage of the trouble the Counteſs of *Eſſex* was in, and made her frequent Viſits; not to bemoan her Affliction, but to find out ſomething to render her more miſerable. It muſt needs have been an unparallel'd Cruelty, not to pity the handſomeſt Lady on Earth, appearing to our Eyes in a Condition more deplorable than can be expreſt. She fell every minute, for very Weakneſs, into

the Arms of the Women about her; and recover'd her ſelf only to lament the more pitifully: Which affected all but the Counteſs of *Nottingham*, who ſaw all this with an Unconcernedneſs ſuitable to the hardneſs of her Heart. *Ah, Madam!* ſays the Counteſs of *Eſſex*, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw her, *Will you not uſe your Intereſt with the* Queen, *in favour of the* Earl of Eſſex? *You know my Lord of* Southampton *hath his Pardon*, replies ſhe, *and the* Queen, *perhaps, will do as much for your Husband. Madam*, ſays the Counteſs of *Eſſex*, *'Tis not the Crimes charg'd on my Husband, jointly with the Earl of* Southampton, *nor thoſe common to both, that render the* Queen *inexorable: You underſtand me, when I tell you, there are others ſhe more deeply reſents. And ſhe hates the* Earl of Eſſex *leſs for the Attempts attributed to his Ambition,*

tion, than his Engagements with me. But, Madam, replies the Countess of *Nottingham*, willing to find out the Mystery of their Love she was yet ignorant of, *If you thought the* Queen *would oppose it, or be unsatisfi'd with it, why did you not quit a Business wherein you were to expect nothing but Crosses? If you were ever in Love,* says the Countess of *Essex, you know very well, we have not always our Wits about us when we are deeply engag'd in Affection. However, Madam, when I Married my Lord of* Essex, *I did not know the* Queen *was so much concern'd for him. Perhaps,* answers the Countess of *Nottingham, I might do you some Service, were I throughly acquainted with the particular Passages between my Lord of* Essex *and* You. *I am not in a very fit disposition to discourse you, Madam,* says the Countess of *Essex. But if I could by any Confidence, prevail with you to do something for us, I would give you an*

Account of all you desire. I will not promise you, I shall certainly prevail with the Queen: *But, Madam,* adds the cunning Countess of *Nottingham, I will use my Interest, and perhaps, effect more than we have Reason to hope for. Have a good Heart, Madam, do not despair: The* Queen *is good, and I will zealously serve you, when I am instructed what course to take.*

The Countess of *Essex* yielding to the Perswasions of her bittrest Enemy, dry'd up her Tears; and after a short pause, spoke to this purpose.

MY Mother died very Young, leaving no Child but me. My Father's Offices obliging him to a constant Attendance at *Court,* he committed the care of my Infancy to a Sister of his, settled about a hundred Miles from *London.* He could not, at that Distance, see me so often as he would, so that

that when I came to Fourteen Years of Age, he thought, by disposing me in Marriage, to bring me nearer him.

The Earl of *Rutland* had but one Son; and the intimate Friendship between my Father and him, induc'd them to think of a stricter Alliance. Our Fortunes were equal; and the Earl of *Rutland*'s Son being Return'd out of *Italy*, his Father acquainted him with his Design of Marrying him. His Affection was no way engag'd to the contrary: And the Business was agreed on without my Knowledge, who was look'd upon as too Young to be Consulted with, in a Cause of that Nature. Yet, Madam, my Heart was sensible so Early, and capable of Discerning between Person and Person; and made it appear by Experience, *Obedience* and *Affection* do no not always agree.

The Equipage of the Young Gentleman was no sooner ready,

but he came where I was. Being not in Love, nor expecting much Pleaſure in waiting on a Miſtreſs he had never ſeen, and was repreſented to him as a Child, he pray'd Three of his Friends to Honour his Nuptials with their Preſence; The *Earl of Eſſex* was one them. When they arriv'd, my Looks were divided between ſeveral Men, all much of one Age, and equally unknown to me. I knew well enough, the Earl of *Rutland*'s Son was deſign'd my Husband; and I preſently wiſh'd he were the Man whom I afterwards knew to be the *Earl of Eſſex*; at the firſt ſight of whom, all my Trouble for being Marry'd ſo Young, was preſently over. He was the Firſt ſpoke to me, and look'd on me more earneſtly than any of the others. This made me believe it was as I wiſh'd. But I was ſadly undeceiv'd, when the Young Earl of *Rutland* was preſented to me. I Bluſh'd, and Sigh'd, not knowing

knowing the Cauſe. The Earl of *Eſſex* did alſo the like; his Eyes went ſtill in ſearch of me; and I was not reſerv'd enough to avoid them. The trouble I appear'd in, was attributed to the Innocence of my Age; and I quickly learnt to take care to hide it.

Our Parents being arriv'd, we were Marry'd, without being ask'd by them, if we were willing. The Earl of *Rutland*'s Son appear'd pleas'd with his Fortune; and perhaps, found me more amiable than he expected. I, Madam, was ſo in Love with the Earl of *Eſſex*, all I could do, was not to hate my Husband. Yet I had the good luck, my Kindneſs for my Lord of *Eſſex* was not ſo much as ſuſpected.

'Twas believ'd I was then ſenſible of no other Pleaſures, but what Children delight in; but no Age is a ſtranger to Love. I quickly knew what it was to have a Kindneſs; and ſoon complain'd, the Li-

berty of my Inclination had been uſurp'd upon. I had little joy in being ſo far Miſtreſs of my ſelf, as to wiſh I could love my Husband, and endeavour it; and to have an Indifference for the Earl of *Eſſex*; for all my Efforts to that purpoſe were vain.

The firſt Reſolution I took, was to avoid the ſight of a Man, who could only contribute to make me more unhappy. And when he had taken his leave with the reſt of my Lord of *Rutland*'s Friends, I pray'd my Father to ſpare my Youth for ſome time, and not to expoſe me ſo early to the *Court*, where I never had been. My Deſire was granted; and when my Father return'd for *London*, to ſatisfie me, they took me to *Rutland*.

But the Courſe I took, produc'd not the Effect I propos'd: The *Idea* of the Earl of *Eſſex* accompanied me in my Solitude. And my Father-in-Law being dead, we were

forc'd to go to *London*, after a years ſtay in the Country.

I trembled to think, I ſhould ſee the Earl of *Eſſex* again; and reſolv'd with my ſelf, I would be the moſt retir'd Perſon on Earth, to avoid all Occaſions of meeting him; when News was brought me, he was gone with the Earl of *Leiceſter* into the *Low-Countries*. The *Queen* receiv'd me with that kindneſs ſhe uſually expreſſes to thoſe ſhe intends to Honour. I admir'd her Merit; and the pleaſure to ſee my ſelf reſpected by her, ſuſpended a while my ſecret Inquietudes.

But within leſs than half a year, my Father died, and, ſoon after, my Husband. I was much afflicted at theſe loſſes: I bewail'd my Father's Death a long time: And if I had not for my Husband that great kindneſs, which is rarely met with in Marriages of Obedience, my Reaſon and his Complaiſance had forc'd me to eſteem

him, and to expreſs Acknowledgments ſincere enough, to ſave me the trouble of any juſt Reproach from my ſelf, or any other.

The *Queen* having told me, ſhe deſir'd to have me near her, I quitted my Houſe for an Apartment in this Palace, and my Fortune, which was very conſiderable, gave me ſuch Charms, as drew about me a number of Suitors, who pretended mighty Kindneſs for me; but were really rather a Trouble, than Pleaſure to me.

In this condition was I, when the Earl of *Eſſex* return'd to *London*. The *Queen's* Army had been victorious; and ſhe order'd a publick Thankſgiving, when the Generals arriv'd. I waited on her to St. *Pauls*; and had not the power by any Conſideration, to be ſo reſerv'd, as not to ſingle out from all the Nobility of the Kingdom, the Earl of *Eſſex* alone, to fix my Eyes on.

The

The morrow, he was one of the first to wait on the *Queen*: I was with her before. I was mov'd at the sight of him; we look'd on one another several times, with equal Concern. *Madam*, said he, as soon as he could speak to me, *I have not had a moments liberty to signifie to you, how great a share I bear in your Losses. I believe*, answered I, *you are sorry for my Misfortunes. 'Tis natural for every one to be concern'd for such a Person as you are*, adds he: *But, Madam, I am much more concern'd than any other.*

The *Queen* interrupted us: But in all the Respects the Earl of *Essex* paid her, I could not but observe his Eye was towards me. I confess, I was glad to see him so eager; and perhaps, I answer'd him a little too soon; but I was young, tender, and Independent. His Merits were then extraordinary; and he had the advantage of my first Inclination.

He came the same day to see me

in

in my Appartment; and fail'd not to do it constantly afterwards. All his Actions perswaded me, at length, that he lov'd me; and it was not long, e're he let me know it.

Madam, said he, one Evening, having brought me to my Chamber, after I had left the *Queen*, *Do you remember the time we accompany'd the Earl of* Rutland *to your Country-House? I have not forgot, Sir*, answer'd I, *that you were one of them that did him that Honour. Is that all you remember of it?* adds he: *Did you observe nothing in my Eyes worthy taking notice of? And was it possible, you should inspire into me so much Love, without feeling the power of it in your self? The Friendship I had for the Earl of* Rutland, *and the progress he had made, prevented my speaking of it. Yet Time and Absence have but increas'd my Passion. And I protest sincerely, from the first moment I saw you, my Heart was never affected with any but your self.*

A Diſcourſe of this nature, may perhaps be thought unſuitable to the Condition I was then in: who mourn'd for a *Father* and a *Husband*: Yet I had not the power to be offended with it. The Earl of *Eſſex* aſſur'd me, I had gain'd his Affection: I was willing to gain his, and I car'd for no more.

You will give me leave, Madam, to paſs over my Anſwers; and tell you only, the Earl of *Eſſex* was very well ſatisfy'd with them; that we then ſettled the Correſpondence we have ſo long maintain'd; and that we found Occaſions, and Opportunities to poliſh and perfect it.

Thus far you ſee me ignorant of the *Queen*'s Inclinations: I, as well as others, attributed the Favour we ſaw the Earl of *Eſſex* was in, to his Services, and his dexterity in ſetting them out to advantage. But in time, I perceiv'd my Miſtake: And as reſerv'd as the *Queen* was, found

out

out the Myſtery, and tremble at the Diſcovery.

The Earl of *Eſſex* had an elevated *Soul*, and capable of Greatneſs, Ambition might rob me of him; and I was willing to fortifie my ſelf againſt all Misfortunes, and to reſerve only an Eſteem for him. But what Hopes of doing that now, which all my Reaſon, and two years Marriage had not effected?

At laſt, Jealouſie ſucceeded my Fears; and I began to believe, the reſpect the Earl of *Eſſex* had for the *Queen*, might proceed from a ſecret Affection. I fretted at this, and griev'd at the Heart: the Earl perceiv'd it, and ſolicited me long to tell him the Cauſe. I refus'd as long as I was able. *I am jealous*, ſaid I to him at laſt, with a little Heat, *and afraid I ſhould loſe your Affection.* *'Tis not an Unhappineſs*, anſwers he, *to ſee you love me ſo, as to doubt of me: But there is no Cauſe to queſtion my Faithfulneſs, who never*

 lov'd

lov'd any but you. The Queen *loves you,* said I; *and her Kindness for you, with the Advantage of her Grandeur, may be dangerous Temptations to your Perseverance. The* Queen *love me, Madam!* replyes he, *How you interpret her ordinary Bounty, which hath (perhaps) too generously recompenc'd my Services beyond their Merit? She is too Haughty, and too Great a Mistress of her self, to fall into such a Weakness. You know, what Illustrious Alliances she hath slighted; and are to believe, she is above the reach of Love. There is not a* Monarch *on Earth, but I would prefer you before him,* answer'd I; *and measuring the* Queen's *Affection by mine, I am easily perswaded, she may do so too. Her Eye is always upon you, spite of all her Precautions, and is never else satisfi'd; and I have observ'd some Sighs from her, which a Heart concern'd as mine, cannot hear without Trouble. I did not till now know how happy I was,* says the Earl

of

of *Eſſex*; *but your Jealouſie makes me ſenſible of it. Yet, Madam, give me leave to aſſure you, you have no Cauſe for it. Were the* Queen *Weak, as you imagine; did ſhe offer me her Crown and her Kindneſs; I would, by my Refuſal, let you ſee, though I have Ambition, my Love for you infinitely exceeds it. To ſatisfie you of your Miſtake, allow me to procure her Conſent to our Marriage. You have mourn'd long enough, to avoid all Imputations of Indecency: It is in your power to make me the happieſt of Men, and to clear all the doubts you have of my Faithfulneſs.*

I was far from oppoſing the Propoſal he made; and if I was not fully convinc'd the *Queen* was not in love with him, yet, I thought, if ſhe was, he knew it not.

To let you ſee, adds he, *I will not conceal from you any Kindneſs the* Queen *hath expreſt for me; I declare, I ſacrifice to you one of the handſomeſt Ladies of the* Court, *who hath a thouſand ways invited my Love.*

I

I preſt him to let me know her Name; but he conjur'd me to be ſatisfy'd with what he had ſaid; and, not to force him to further Indiſcretion, I gave over Preſſing him.

["The Counteſs of *Nottingham* "Bluſh'd at this Part of the Diſ-"courſe, having Reaſon to believe "her ſelf the Perſon intended. She "Hated him the more for't; but "had the Command of her ſelf, "not to interrupt the Counteſs of "*Eſſex*; who proceeded in her "Story.]

This freedom of the Earl put an end to my ſuſpicions. I left him to take his Time for ſpeaking to the *Queen*: When he went to thank her for the Government of *Ireland* beſtow'd on him, he return'd to me with a Tranſport of Joy, to tell me; *The* Queen *had not only Conſented to his Deſires, but intended to make the Earl of* Leiceſter

King

King of England. This quieted my Spirit, and made me acknowledge, I had no Cauſe to be Jealous.

We ſpent ſome days with a great deal of Pleaſure; but were Cruelly interrupted by the Order the Earl of *Eſſex* received to go into *France*, to command the Forces the *Queen* ſent in aid of that *King*. I had not time to expreſs my Grief to him, or to be a Witneſs of his. We parted in haſte: and then it was, I repented I had believ'd him; and that the *Queen*'s Coldneſs towards me, convinc'd me of the Truth of my former Suſpicions; and that her ſending away the Earl of *Eſſex*, was but to remove him from me.

I left Court, as ſoon as I could, with Decency, ask the *Queen* leave to retire into a Houſe of my Fathers, about Fifty Miles from *London*. I will not tell you how I was Alarm'd at the News of the Earl of *Eſſex* his Death in his Return

turn from *Spain*; nor how we Writ to one another, in his absence. I was ready to Dye for Grief, when he arriv'd at my House more Respectful, and more Amorous than he had ever appear'd.

He would have put me out of my Opinion, concerning the *Queen*: But I obstinately maintain'd it True. When I had convinc'd him of it, he offer'd to leave *England* if I would name a Place where we might Live quietly. I had Affection enough to incline me to Consent to this Proposal: But considering it Unjust in me to spoil the Progress of his good Fortune, and put an End to his Hopes, by an Unexcusable Retreat, I told him, it was impossible. And ushering with a Sigh the Advice I was going to give him: *Forget me, Sir,* said I, *for I see your Fate will force you to it. The* Queen *will still cross us, and never want Pretence to Separate us: 'Tis better breaking off an Engagement,*

that

that ſuits not with your Affairs. Nothing in the World, can be a greater Misfortune to me; but I will ſubmit to it, if it be for your Good. You ſuſpect me of indifference (ſaid he, interrupting me;) *and you have the Cruelty to adviſe me to it. Did you love me more, you would know me better: And were I capable of doing an unjuſt thing, I believe you would Exhort me to forget you, for no other cauſe but that you might think of me no more. But, Madam, to ſhorten our Diſcourſe, and our Doubts, which almoſt make me Mad, Believe it, I Love you above all things in the world, There is a Sure and Eaſie way to ſatisfie you of it. You are not willing to go with me out of England; and yet you are ſtill afraid of the Queen: Let us Marry privately, and Conceal it till we ſee a more favourable Time. This will Fruſtrate the Queen's Deſigns to our Prjudice; you will no longer doubt of my Affection: And if the buſineſs be diſcover'd*

cover'd, 'tis but flying out of the Reach of the Reſentments we fear.

I was ſtrangely mov'd at this Diſcourſe: Every thing oblig'd me to believe him. Yet conſidering it would reflect upon my Reputation to be privately Married, I was afraid to conſent. The Earl Complain'd of me; I Cry'd: Love was our Arbitratour, and Decided the Controverſie in his Favour. After long Reſiſtance, I agreed to a private Marriage; on Condition the Earl would go for *London* on the Morrow; and appear diſ-engag'd to the *Queen* from all the Kindneſs he had had for me. We agreed to be Marry'd at the Earl of *Southampton*'s, his particular Friend; where I was to ſtay, while he went for *London*. Thus we parted: He took *London* Road; I went for *Southampton*, attended by *Tracy*, a Domeſtick of the Earl of *Eſſex*'s, in whom

whom he repos'd an entire Confidence.

As the Earl was on the Road, he had leisure to consider what Measures to take. My Lord *Southampton* came to receive me at his House; where the Earl of *Essex* arriv'd, soon after he had obtain'd leave from the *Queen*, to Absent himself a few Days.

We are now come to the Instant that usher'd in our Crosses. We were Marry'd in the Presence of my Lord *Southampton*, *Tracy*, and some Women of mine, and a Kinsman of the Earl of *Essex*. He gave me an Account how the *Queen* had receiv'd him; and began to confess, he believ'd she lov'd him.

He stay'd but six Days at *Southampton*; in which time we agreed what course to take.

I was too far from *London* to see the Earl often, without discovering our Correspondence. Nothing seem'd more proper to Con-

ce

ceal it, than a Houſe he had within few Miles of *London*, on the *Thames* ſide: It ſtood alone, and was ſtrong enough to prevent a Surprize. Having ſettled my Affairs, I was conducted thither by my Lord *Southampton* and *Tracy*, while the Earl of *Eſſex* return'd for *London*.

Nothing could be more pleaſant, than the ſolitude I was in. My Lord of *Eſſex* came to ſee me every Day: And I ſpent there two Years, without a Moments Trouble. At laſt, an Accident happen'd that miſerably perplext us.

The Earl of *Eſſex* had an infinite of Enemies, who envy'd him; and for all his Caution, they took notice of his extraordinary Aſſiduity for the Place I was in. They told the *Queen* of it. She was diſturb'd at it; more perhaps, for the Suſpicion ſhe had of ſome Private Gallantry of his there, than for thoſe Matters they would have poſſeſt her with.

I gave her no Trouble: The Earls Diſengagement, with my pretended Journey into *France*, had ſecur'd her as to me. Yet ſhe would go ſee whether the Earl frequented that Houſe, only for the Pleaſure of the Place, or ſome hidden Cauſe.

One Day, as the Earl was with her, ſhe gave Orders, her ordinary Retinue ſhould be ready to Wait on her. *I have long had a mind to ſee your Country-Houſe*, ſays ſhe to the Earl; *I have had a very Pleaſant Deſcription of it: The Weather is fair; and I believe a Walk ſo far may do me good.*

You may imagine the Fears this put the Earl in: he durſt not openly Oppoſe her Deſign; but endeavoured to divert her, by ſaying, *His Houſe deſerv'd not the Pains it would coſt her, to go ſo far.*

When he ſaw her reſolv'd upon it, he beg'd leave to go before to put things in order for her Re-

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ception. *No*, says she, *you shall be my Guide: There's no need of Preparation.*

The Earl, at these words, trembled for me. He was depriv'd of all Means of Precaution; and the Concern he appear'd in, made the *Queen* more Curious.

Imagine what a Trouble he was in by the way, and how often he wish'd something might hinder their Arrival. But Fortune favour'd the *Queen*'s Designs so far, that they came safe to the House; and she would presently go see the Lodgings. The Earl astonish'd, gave her his Hand. The Chamber I us'd, was the best in the House; and the first the *Queen* staid at. The Earl seeing no Remedy, steps to the Door, which he found open, contrary to Custom, and was pleasingly surpriz'd, to find only *Tracy* there, sleeping, or rather pretending to sleep on a Couch. He was quickly awak'd; and having ex-

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preſt his Surprize, and Reſpect, immediately withdrew.

The Earl of *Eſſex*, who thought him at *London*, began to take Heart, fancying his good *Genius* had revealed the Adventure to *Tracy*. But a new Trouble aroſe: My Picture hung in the ſame Room, under a Curtain. The *Queen* ask'd *If it was the* Earl's? He anſwered, with ſome Trouble, *It was not.* The *Queen* drew the Curtain, and ſaw her ſelf drawn at length, where the Earl thought my Picture would appear. Then it was he was perſwaded, the faithful *Tracy* had had an Intimation of the Journey.

The *Queen* expreſs'd much Joy, to ſee her Picture in the Earls Chamber.

From the Houſe, ſhe went into the Garden; took a ſhort Repaſt, during which, *Tracy* found the opportunity to whiſper the Earl, *He need not trouble himſelf*——and returned

turn'd to *London*, without the leaſt ſuſpicion.

Thus Matters paſs'd on their ſide. As to ours, The very inſtant the *Queen* told the Earl of *Eſſex*, *ſhe would ſee his Houſe*, the Earl of *Southampton* was at her Chamber-door. *You are come in very good time, to go along with the* Queen *to the Earl of* Eſſex's, ſays the Officer, who was going to provide the Equipage.

The Earl of *Southampton* by theſe few words, quickly diſcover'd the Storm that threatned his Friend: And to provide a remedy; *I am not very well*, ſaid he to the Officer: *Perhaps the* Queen *may command me to wait on her; I will not go into her Preſence. Pray, let her not know you have ſeen me.* The Officer promis'd, *ſhe ſhould not*; and *Southampton* haſtened to the Earl of *Eſſex's*, to tell *Tracy*; who immediately took the beſt Horſe his Maſter had; and put him ſo well to it, that he was with me before the *Queen* left *London*.

I was not a little troubled at the News. *Tracy* hid me, and my Women in a quarter, where was no likelihood of our being discover'd: and then chang'd the *Queen*'s Picture for mine.

That Evening, the Earl of *Essex* came to see me, and gave me an Account of the Tortures he had that day endur'd for me; and how *Southampton* and *Tracy* had deliver'd him out of them.

The *Irish* rebell'd; I lay in at that time: The Earl of *Essex*, who lov'd me no less than his Glory, had within himself desperate Conflicts. His Duty prevail'd: He desir'd he might command the Army, the *Queen* granted it; and the same time, plainly declar'd her Affection for him; which I was before but too well assur'd of. She gave him abundance of very kind Expressions; and (to confirm the Truth of them) a **Ring**, which still leaves the poor Earl of *Essex* some Hopes.

He

He was ſufficiently prepar'd to manage the *Queen*: And you ſee, by this time, Madam, whether he was not under a neceſſity of ſome Diſſimulation.

He gave me a faithful Account of all paſs'd between them; and being fearful for me in his abſence, he reſolv'd to remove me, and to go himſelf out of *England*, if matters were diſcover'd.

This put him on ſearch of ſome Places of Refuge. The King of *Scots* promis'd him, among others, the Palace of *Dimbourg*. The Earl of *Tyrone* made him many propoſals; but certain it is, he never hearkened to any of them.

I was weak when he left me, and oblig'd to recover a little ſtrength, before I would undertake a Voyage for *Scotland*.

I was on my way, Fortune ſtay'd me, the Earl of *Eſſex* was Charg'd with ſeveral Matters; and the *Queen* prepoſſeſt by our Enemies,

took our innocent Precautions for Crimes.

At laſt, Madam, the Earl was forc'd to come and ſhut himſelf up in the Place where I was; and was reſolv'd to periſh in defence of me.

You know what follow'd. Conſider the Frights I was in, amidſt ſo much Trouble and Blood, I ſaw every day ſpilt.

The Earl conjur'd me inceſſantly, to quit a Place where he could not make any long defence againſt ſo great Forces, as were imploy'd to take it.

I exhorted him to yield, and implore the *Queen*'s Goodneſs. He proteſted, *He would never do it, till I was in a Place of Safety.*

Thus was I forc'd to leave him, and go for *Dimbourg*. The faithful *Tracy*, who ſhould have conducted me thither, had periſh'd already, in maintaining the Intereſts of his Maſter.

The Earl of *Eſſex* committed me

to

to the Charge of one of his Kinſmen; they forc'd me out of his Arms, to put me aboard a Boat that waited for us on the *Thames*, and was to carry us to the Place where our Convoy attended us.

My Fears, and my Grief put me into a Feaver: This ſtaid me ſome Days, at a little Village, where I had News of the Earl's Impriſonment, and the *Queen*'s Reſolution to Ruine him.

The extremity of my Deſpair, put me on the Reſolution of Preſenting my ſelf to the *Queen*, and endeavouring to obtain ſome Favour by an Ingenious Confeſſion. But, Madam, you know I found in her no Diſpoſition to Pardon us.

My Conduct hath produc'd a terrible Effect: And I may juſtly reproach my ſelf, to have been the Cauſe of all my Lord *Eſſex* his Misfortunes.

This Diſcourſe ended in Tears. The Counteſs of *Nottingham* took ſmall care to ſtop them: She was too much concern'd in more than one part of the Story, which heightened her Fury: and leaving the Counteſs of *Eſſex* to the Horrour of Deſpair, ſhe return'd to the *Queen*, whom ſhe found almoſt drown'd in hers. She us'd all her Art to Revive the *Queen*'s Anger; and by her Cruel Addreſs, effected her Deſign; without ſaying a word directly againſt the Criminal.

Cecil and ſhe were tormented to ſee the Execution delay'd.

What ſhall we do, Madam, ſays he to her, *if the Queen, in the Heighth of her Anger, will not give way that Juſtice be done? What are we to expect, when her Anger is over? What are we not to fear from her Love, if it once get the Maſtery of a Heart as hers is? 'Tis no where ſo Imperious, no where ſo Abſolute; and I very much doubt, whether all*

our

our Caution can prevent the ill Effects of it. In a word, Condemn'd as the Earl of Essex *is, by an Auguſt Aſſembly, 'tis poſſible, he may Recover his former Favour with the* Queen, *and utterly Ruin us, as ſoon as he ſets Footing at* Court. *I ſhall beſtir my ſelf a little, ere that come to paſs,* (ſays the Counteſs of *Nottingham*;) *I have the* Queen's *Ear: I know how to ſpeak; I am not ſuſpected; nor am I am a Stranger to the Secrets of the One, nor the Other: Yet we are not to Flatter our ſelves; the* Earl of Essex *is Maſter of his Fortune. If he Petition, the* Queen *will not have the Power to deny him. He hath a* Pledge, *which gives him an Abſolute Power over Her: But, thanks to his Pride, he will not make uſe of it. Beſides, whom can he employ in an Affair of this Nature, but we can Corrupt? I will not leave the* Queen; *and I'le Pawn my Life, I will Secure all with Her. Do your part, and let's not be Surpriz'd.*

Cecil knew the Countess of *Nottingham* too well to doubt of what she said: he parted better satisfy'd; and thought of nothing but what flatter'd their common Hatred against *Essex*.

The *Queen* had had a very ill Night, tormented equally with Sickness and Trouble. She considered the unfaithfulness of the Earl of *Essex*; his Plotting against her Authority, his Private Marriage, his giving himself wholly up to the Pleasures of it, while he pretended to be entirly at her Devotion, and his Pride in the Depth of Misfortunes.

She thought sometimes these Reflections strong enough, to enable her to see him Dye. But presently, the pleasant *Idea* of him she would destroy, his Merit, his Services, and the Natural Inclination she had for him, inspir'd her again with gentle Resolutions. She thought it better see him a Criminal, than never

never see him more. The thoughts of his Execution put her almost besides her self, though it was in her power to prevent it.

The Countess of *Nottingham* was as Wakeful as the *Queen*, though for very different Reasons; and waiting on her in the Morning, as usual, *You find me in a Lamentable Condition*, says the *Queen*; *and if you help not to comfort me, I shall not be able to endure it much longer. The Wretch who causes me all this Trouble, is always before my Eyes, in the most pitiful condition imaginable. Is it possible, I should do nothing for him in such an extremity? Shall I permit him to Perish, as if I had no more Valu'd him than another; when I have Declar'd to him I Lov'd him? Shall I Reproach my self one day, with Cruelty, to have Forsaken him, when it was in my Power to Save him? What your Majesty shall be pleas'd to do in his Favour*, replies the Countess of *Nottingham*, *will*

be

be the more Generous, for that he hath not Sollicited it. If he Petition'd, Your Bounty would be lookt upon as an Effect of Your Pity, and his Submiſſions: But now, it will proceed purely from Your Goodneſs.

Theſe words effected partly what ſhe aim'd at. The *Queen* bluſh'd, ſigh'd, and was ſilent a while.

It muſt be confeſt (proceeds She) *That to do all for him, without putting him to the coſt of one Sign of Repentance, is to approve of his Pride, and encourage him to carry it on to the higheſt Extremities. He would have My Kindneſs do all; and without any Reflection on the Outrages he hath done Me, he believes, I ſhall think my Self too happy in holding the Executioner's Hand. Never doubt, Madam,* (ſays the Counteſs) *but he makes account to triumph ſtill over that Goodneſs Your Majeſty hath always made appear towards him. Had he been carried from* Weſtminſter *to the Scaffold; had You given him a ſight of that Scene of Death,*

Death, and pardon'd Southampton *without reſpiting the other's Execution, he would have been glad to make uſe of any means, in his power, to move You to mercy. But he knows the power he hath over You; and pretends that by receiving a Pardon he vouchſafes not to Petition for, all the World will believe him innocent. But, Madam, if matters be carried on thus, What will be thought of the Juſtice of the Kingdom? What will the World judge of your Majeſty? There is not a Perſon ignorant of this Adventure: And if the* Earl of Eſſex, *without acknowledging his Crimes, ſees himſelf at liberty; Will it not be ſaid, That* England *is govern'd by a* Queen, *not ſo diſcreet as Fame reports Her to be?*

At this, *Cecil* arriv'd, and fortifi'd extreamly the Counteſs of *Nottingham's* Parly: He ſeconded her with all the Art of a cruel Eloquence, to perſwade the *Queen, She was concern'd in Honour, the* Earl of Eſſex *ſhould die.* The

The *Queen*, in a Pet, consented he should be Executed suddenly; and *Cecil* lost no time, in carrying Her Orders to those who were to be Actors in the Execution.

The Earl of *Essex* (as the Countess of *Nottingham* had shrewdly guess'd) had no Thoughts of Petitioning for a Favour, which, in all probability, the *Queens* Kindness would of it self freely grant him. But when he saw himself on the point of being carry'd to the Place of Execution, he thought it his duty, not to neglect the Medicines he had in his power, to bring about the *Queen*. Then he resolv'd to implore Her Mercy, and put Her in mind of Her Promises and Oaths. And knowing the Countess of *Nottingham* was Her Favourite and Confident; though he had Cause to believe, she had no great Kindness for him, he was perswaded, she might have Generosity enough, to serve him in this important Mediation.

He

He ſent to deſire the Favour of a Viſit from her. The Counteſs, impatient to know the Cauſe, went directly to him, without acquainting the *Queen*.

Who, but a *Barbarian*, could have ſeen the Earl of *Eſſex*'s Perſon, and at the ſame time know his Misfortune, without being melted into Compaſſion? Yet the Counteſs of *Nottingham*, at the ſight of him, was all Cruelty and Revenge; But, feigning ſome ſweetneſs, ſhe gave him way to declare himſelf thus.

Can you, Madam, pardon the moſt unfortunate of Men the Trouble he gives you, at a time when he hath no Cauſe to flatter himſelf you have any Remains of Kindneſs for him? Yet nothing can be now of greater Advantage to me, than your Protection. I know the Power you have over the Queen; *and would you be pleas'd to joyn it to my Sorrow and Repentance, for having offended Her, I doubt not, but we may prevail much. Tell Her then, Madam,*

Madam, (continues he, putting his Knee to the Ground) *That you have seen me in this suppliant Posture, full of Grief for having deserv'd Her Hatred. Restore Her this* **Ring**, *which I have kept; and entreat Her to remember the Promises She made when She gave it me. I beg my Life by this* **Pledge**, *and She cannot deny it me, without forgetting Her Oaths. I can no longer look on Life, as a thing pleasing to me; but a miserable Wife, and the Interest of a Son press me to continue it, as long as I can. I cannot think, the Innocence of the One, or Infancy of the Other, needs my Justification: The Favour to be begg'd of the* Queen, *is for me alone.*

The Countess of *Nottingham* was transported with Joy, to see the *Earl* trust her with the **Ring**, which had so often Alarm'd her, and whose Power *Cecil* was still afraid of. She frankly promis'd what she had not the least intent to do for *Essex*, added feign'd Tears to her

her false Promises, and assur'd him, she would directly go use her utmost Interest with the *Queen*, in his Favour.

But instead of going to the *Queen*, to give Her an Account of her Visit, she went to *Cecil*; who waited for her, prais'd her Cruelty, and had the Pleasure to see in his power, the sole Obstacle against *Essex*'s Death.

They went together to the *Queen*, who asking, *How* Essex *receiv'd Her last Orders?*

He was never observ'd so haughty, Madam, (answers *Cecil*;) *he cannot prevail with himself, to shew the least Sign of Repentance. He thinks of nothing but his Wife, and she is the whole Subject of his Discourse to those who go to him. Let him die then, let him perish,* (says the *Queen*, very angry) *since he will have it so. Let Me be eas'd of the tormenting Uncertainties and Disquiets I am under. I am no longer against his Execution.*

This

This zealous Minister was unwilling to leave the *Queen* the least time of Reflection: And while the Earl of *Essex* was in Expectation of the effect of the promises of the Unfaithful Countess of *Nottingham*, provision was made for his Execution in the *Tower*, to avoid a Rebellion among the People, who lov'd him.

His Soul was naturally great, and discover'd not the least Weakness, in the last extremity.

Never did Man go to his Death with more Constancy and Firmness. He did not murmur, in the least, against the *Queen*; though he might have Reproacht Her with Promises. He mounted the *Scaffold* Resolutely, Undrest himself, Recommended his Family to those about him; and having drawn Tears from all Eyes that were Spectatours of that last Act of his Life, he receiv'd his Death, without so much as giving way his eyes should be cover'd.

Thus

Thus Dy'd this famous Favourite of *Queen Elizabeth*. One of the beſt Qualify'd Perſons in the World; and a Man who had been too happy, had not Love had too great a power over him.

Soon after the *Queen* had Conſented he ſhould be Executed, ſhe Relaps'd into her former Irreſolutions; and after a ſharp Conflict within her ſelf, ſhe reſolv'd to Pardon him; and ſent an Officer of her Guards, to forbid their Proceeding further: But it was too late: *Cecil* had foreſeen what might happen, and Cruelly provided againſt the Effects of her Relapſe into former Kindneſs. The Earl of *Eſſex* was already Executed; and that was the Anſwer he carry'd the *Queen*.

Then it was ſhe loſt her ordinary Moderation; then her Grief broke out Publickly.

Cecil, ſays ſhe, *What Miſchief hath your Barbarous Zeal, and Impatience done me!*

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With that, She burſt out into Tears, and would not endure the Careſſes or the Comforts of any about Her.

While the *Queen* abhorr'd Her Self, for the Orders Her Anger had given, *Cecil*, who had ſo faithfully caus'd them to be executed, enjoy'd the Pleaſure of having Procur'd them: And the Counteſs of *Nottingham* Triumph'd in her ſelf, for the Revenge ſhe had taken of a a Man who had ſlighted her Charms.

'Tis impoſſible to expreſs the Grief of the Counteſs of *Eſſex*: the moſt Stony Hearts had Tears for her. The *Queen*, (whoſe Anger was dead with the *Earl*) ſent to comfort her, and aſſure her, ſhe was at Liberty, and might Diſpoſe of her Husband's Eſtate.

Let Her take my Life, and keep Her Pity to Her Self, (ſays the *Counteſs* to the *Queens* Meſſenger:) *She hath Robb'd me of all that made*

my

my Life dear to me; and 'tis not in Her Power, to repair the Miſchief She hath done me.

The Earl of *Eſſex* his Friends, finding her, at preſent, incapable of Comfort (even from them whom ſhe eſteem'd highly, for their Love to the *Earl*) took her from *London*, in hopes, that Time might make her Suſceptible of that Conſolation, which the Violence of her preſent Sorrows render'd altogether vain.

As for the *Queen*, She languiſh'd out the reſt of Her Life: The only Comfort ſhe had, was to think the Earl of *Eſſex* had ſlighted Her to his Death, and never made Her any Submiſſion.

The Counteſs of *Nottingham* had ſmall Joy of Her Faithleſs Life. A violent Malady ſeiz'd her, and made her ſenſible of the Horrours of Death: Remorſe of Conſcience tormented her; the Ghoſt of the *Earl of Eſſex* (whoſe Death her

her Cruelty occasion'd) seem'd to Haunt her incessantly. And being at the point of Death, she could not Depart, without acknowledging her Crime to the *Queen*. Having begg'd one moment's Audience, she confess'd all that had pass'd between the Earl of *Essex* and her, the Love she had for him, the Implacable Hatred that succeeded it, and her Perfidiousness in keeping the **Ring** he had Trusted her with. With that she presented the **Ring** to the *Queen*; who was ready to dye at the Receiving it; and was within very little of making the dying Countess feel the violence of her Resentment.

Wretch, crys she, with Looks full of Indignation, *what Remorse hast thou expos'd me to! Whether Heaven will Pardon thy Crimes, I know not; sure I am, I shall never forget them.*

Having thus said, the *Queen* went out, and the Countess in few Hours Dyed.

This

This prov'd a Mortal Blow to he *Queen's* Health; who not long fter Dyed, uncomforted for the Death of the Earl of *Essex*.

Cecil had lov'd the Countess of *Nottingham* too well, to be easily Comforted for hers.

By the Death of *Queen Elizabeth*, the Crown of *England* pass'd into the Illustrious House of the **Stuarts**, whose Right it was: King *James*, after a Glorious Reign, left it to his Posterity, for the Repose of his Kingdom.

FINIS.